

# OUR POPULATION CENTER 1900.

Since 1890 the center of population of the United States has shifted a little to the north and a little to the west. It is still in the state of Indiana, not far from Columbus, the capital of Bartholomew county, in the southern central part of the state. On the old pivot point arises a monolith monument

In 1840 the pioneers of the west brought it north, and in 1850 it had moved south again. Texas had come into the union. The growth of the great west had switched it back to the north in 1860, and it was near Chillicothe, Ohio. War reduced the population of the south in the decade be-

tween 1860 and 1870, and the center moved north, near to Cincinnati. In another decade it had cleared Cincinnati in its westward progress, and in 1870 it had settled in central southern Indiana.

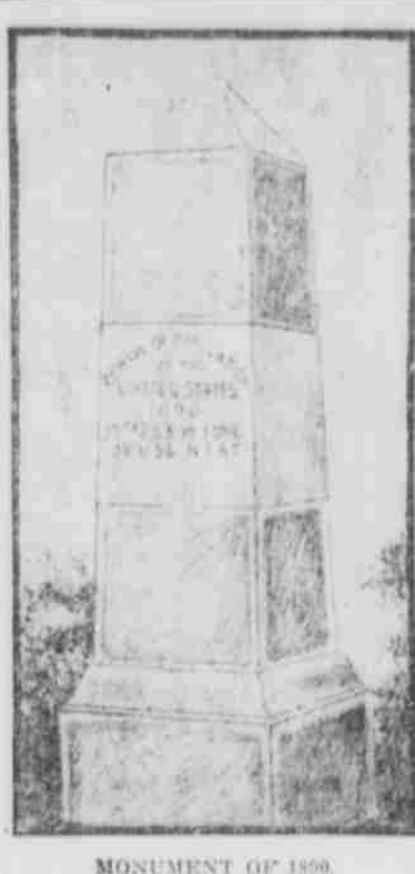
The past ten years has carried the center westward about twenty miles,



erected there May 10, 1891, by a Chicago newspaper.

The center of population is the center of gravity of the population of the country, each individual being assumed to have the same weight. The method of determining that center is as follows: The population of the country is first distributed by "squares degrees," as the area included between consecutive parallels and meridians is designated. A point is then assumed tentatively as the center, and the corrections in latitude and longitude to this tentative position are computed. In 1890 the center was assumed to be at the intersection of the parallel of 39 degrees, with the meridian of 86 degrees west of Greenwich. This would have made the center of population of the United States just two miles due north of Seymour, in Jackson county, Ind. From this assumed base the verifications were made and the true center was located.

The movement of the center has been steadily westward. On the accompanying map its unwavering march toward the west, with occasional dips to the south and the north, is shown. In 1790 it was east of Baltimore twenty miles. In ten years it had moved forty miles westward. The annexation of Louisiana brought it south and west, and in 1820 it was sixteen miles north of Woodstock, Va.



MONUMENT OF 1890.

and northward about seven miles. There is no reason to believe that it will not continue on its course with the sun and shift to the north until it settles near Chicago, there to remain.

## Without a Country.

George W. Smalley, the New York correspondent of the London Times, writes in a sweeping vein to that paper upon the American government's attitude toward China. Mr. Smalley is an American by birth, but during a long residence in England he developed an affection for English institutions and ideas. He contrasted, nevertheless, to make himself unpopular with Englishmen—who have a way of disliking men who abuse and belittle their own country—that London became uncomfortable as a place of abode. So he came to New York and began publishing his libels on the United States by cable. Riddled in his former home and despised in the country of his birth, Smalley is rather to be pitied. He is now a man without a country.

The old home of Stonewall Jackson in Lexington, Va., is now a tenement house, and the dwelling which once sheltered one family comfortably now swarms with a large number of families. The Sunday school in which General Jackson taught the negroes is still flourishing.

Cayendish was murdered in Phoenix Park, Dublin, by sympathizers with the "force" party in Irish politics. Since that day Lady Frederick Cayendish has never appeared in public save in black. Her thin, careworn face is known by many women who are engaged in charity work, which is now the widow's chief concern.

Vice Admiral Sir Harry Rawson, the new British naval commander on the China station, will proceed to his command on the new battleship *Gloria*, the latest addition to the British fleet.

## DEATHS' COINCIDENT.



HENRY VILLARD.

Marcus Daly and Henry Villard both died on the same day. These two men, whose careers had such a similarity, passed away within a few miles of each other, and almost at the same time. Both were born abroad, coming to this country while still boys, and both won fame and wealth in the great Northwest, which they did much to develop. Both were millionaires at the time of their death. Villard, noted as a newspaper man, railroad builder, and financier, was born in Germany, and ran away from home at an early age, coming to Illinois, where his first work was done as a newspaper reporter and correspondent. His career is briefly stated as follows: Reported the Lincoln-Douglas debate. Reported the first Lincoln campaign. War correspondent, the civil war. Foreign correspondent of American newspapers. In 1861 owned New York Evening Post and Nation. In 1875 president Oregon Steamship Company. Receiver of Kansas Pacific Railroad Company. Completed in 1883 the Northern Pacific Railroad. President Northern Pacific Railroad Company. President Edison General

MARCUS DALY.

Electric Company. Chairman in 1889 of the Northern Pacific directors. Daly was a native of Ireland, came to the United States at the age of 13 years, settling in California. His first work was as a digger of potatoes, and for years he earned his living as a day laborer. When he died his holdings were as follows: Capital represented by him, \$100,000,000. His personal wealth, \$22,000,000. Copper interests represented, \$75,000,000. First price paid for his copper mine, \$35,000. He a annual wage roll paid, \$3,000,000. His horses cost \$1,000,000. His work of art cost \$200,000. His private car cost \$40,000. His hotel cost \$200,000. His personal living cost per annum, \$5,000. His annual income was approximately \$2,500,000.

The will of R. H. Eddy, the patent lawyer, leaves \$20,000 to R. H. E. Porter, son of General Porter, and \$30,000 to the City of Portsmouth, N. H., for the erection of an equestrian statue of the general. The bequest became available on the death of Mrs. Eddy, who has just died, and will now go into effect.

## Jephthah's Daughter:

A Story of Patriarchal Times.

By JULIA MACGRUDER...

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### (CHAPTER XI.—Continued.)

And when Namarah and her maidens reached the house of Jephthah, behold it was hung with mourning, and though the doors were wide, there was neither friend nor servant to be seen. So Namarah entered silently, and took her way toward the apartment of her father Jephthah; and as she came unto his door, she turned and spoke unto the maidens, bidding them stay without in the hall while she went in alone.

And as she thrust open the door and came into the presence of her father Jephthah, behold he to was dressed in mourning garments, and he leaned upon the breast of the young man Adina, who was also clad in sackcloth; and the faces of both men were white as the faces of the dead; and Adina had grown gaunt and hollow-cheeked and lost his ruddy color, while her father Jephthah was as one grown old before his time.

And Namarah spoke no word, but shutting close the door behind her, she went and put her arms about the neck of her father, but her eyes she gave unto her lover.

Her head had fallen backward, and her white face rose from out its solemn mourning draperies as a fair flower springing out of earth; and her eyes, made large and luminous through fastings and vigils, seemed as the very windows of her spirit; and in their depth Adina read a love unspeakable, unquenchable and not to be surpassed. He understood her tender thought in clasping first her father before her touch sought his, for it was by reason of her father that this blow was come upon them, and she felt he had great need of comfort and the assurance of her deep, unchanged affection; but in that long, deep look into her lover's eyes, she gave him her whole self. For a moment they rested in that look, quiet and calm as the depths of ocean, and then the maiden spoke:

"I pray thee leave me now, Adina," she said, softly, as the voice of Jephthah's father broke into great sobs while she smoothed his snow-white hair, and stilled him as a mother might her babe. "I would be with him alone, that my courage fail not; for he hath more need of comfort than either thou or I. Return to me an hour after moon-rise in the garden."

And Adina bowed his head and went, with never so much as a touch of her hand to feed the mighty hunger of his love, howbeit that look in her eyes which rested on him still, even as he left her presence, was as a draught divine whereby the thirst of his soul might be quenched.

### CHAPTER XII.

Even before the coming of the time appointed, just as the moon was coming up behind the distant horizon, Adina made his silent way into the garden of Jephthah's house, and stood and waited. The hour of moonrise was just what it had been two months before, on the night of their parting here, and in his ears were the same sounds of the babbling brook and of the doves in their house near by. Up and down the young man paced, his thumbs thrust into the belt wherewith his white tunic was held in place, and his whole body tense and strained with the mightiness of his hardly mastered excitement. A light glimmered in the room of Jephthah, and on this he kept his gaze, until presently it became in a moment softly shaded, as if to screen the eyes of one who slept. Namarah, indeed, had soothed her father into a gentle slumber, and when it was known unto her that he slept she stepped forth into the garden.

She had even retraced her from her journey and clothed herself in snow-white garments, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, in which she moved softly down the garden walks to meet him whom her soul did love. The grasses of summer bent beneath the soft pressure of her feet, and the vines divided themselves at the light touches of her hands. The trees above her were as the yall of her temple of love, and the moon pierced through to light it. Adina stood and waited in the spot made sacred to them by the early dawnings, as well as by the fruition of their love; and as the maiden, fair and white as if made of the rays of the moonlight, moved softly toward him, he stretched out his two arms. She came to them with full gladness and assurance, as one of her white doves, after long wandering, cometh home.

And Adina spoke no word; only he drew her to him, as though he would never lose her again. As she rested so, feeling against her heart the full throbbing of his, while that his close clasp tightened and his breath came quick, it seemed to her a moment of such rapture that the thought of her heart came forth in words, as she said, on the breath of a low-drawn sigh:

"I would that I could die even now!" And Adina answered:

"And I with thee, that our souls together might return to God who gave them."

each time our hearts have breathed it, and the answer doth somewhere await us."

She spoke these words in solemn whisperings, more tender than the cooing of doves, more murmurous than the rippling of the brook.

No eye saw the parting, when at last Adina wrenched his heart away from hers. They two were alone in the silence with God. Even the dove came not near them tonight, but remained apart and alone, as if it had knowledge of all and forbore to come between the beating of their hearts and the communion of their souls.

At the rising of the sun next morning, the altar was made ready in the heart of a deep wood, and by it stood a priest resplendent in the robes of his office. The wood was in readiness, and the fire prepared, nor was the offering for the sacrifice wanting. She stood, a pure virgin, clad in stainless white, and on her left, the young man Adina. And the face of the maiden Namarah was calm and peaceful, and her eyes trustful and quiet as the eyes of children when they kneel; their parents are close by. And her face, for all its paleness, was more beautiful to look upon than ever it had been before, for the light that shone upon it was not wholly that cast by the rising sun, but, as it were, a light from within her soul. And Adina's face was radiant, too, so that it seemed as if one light illumined them from within, even as the same sun from without. And Namarah's voice, as she spoke, was tranquil and assured.

"Make ready thy fire, O priest of God," Namarah said, "for all is ready." And she turned and kissed her father Jephthah full tenderly. Then, speaking once more unto the priest, she said:

"I pray thee, while that the fire is kindling, suffer us to kneel and say one prayer—I and the young man Adina."

And they knelt together, both in virgin white, their hands clasped close and their faces raised to heaven, and the prayer of their hearts, even as the fire blazed and crackled, and the knife gleamed sharp and threatening near by, was that the God in whom they trusted would deliver them in His own time and way.

And they knelt so long in silence that the priest, who wished not to interrupt their prayers, was fain at last to speak to them, lest the sacred fires should burn too low. But there came no answer to his words, and when he turned and looked into their faces, that

wondrous light was gone from them; for their spirits had fled together, and the glare of sunshine upon them revealed that they were even the faces of the dead.

And it was even so that God delivered them. This was His time and place, and He had chosen His own way. And that the vow which Jephthah had vowed might be accomplished, the body of the maiden Namarah was laid upon the altar and with it the body of the young man Adina, a burnt offering unto the Lord.

And as the fires upon the altar began to sink, an object that seemed to fall straight from out the sky dropped down and fell into the flames; and lo! it was the body of a snow-white dove, which had been even dead before it touched the fire upon the altar.

(The End.)

### MASCULINE CHARACTERISTICS.

Begin to Show Themselves at an Early Age.

The masculine characteristics, as well as the feminine, begin to show themselves at an early age. There are a small boy and girl in the city who, in conversation the other day, showed this very notably, says the New York Times. They are particularly bright children, a little son and daughter of clever parents, who talk to the children very much as they would to older people. So when in talking together the other day something was mentioned which they did not understand, the children immediately began to discuss the pros and cons. The little girl is seven and the boy a couple of years younger. The former has a habit while she is dressing of talking to herself. "Arm, go in," she will say, as she puts on one garment, and "Foot go in," as she puts on another. The small boy had noticed this, and spoke to her about it. "Why do you say, 'Foot, go in,' and 'Arm, go in'?" he inquired. "Why don't you say, 'Me go in'?" "Why, it isn't 'me' that goes in," replied the small girl, "it is just my arm or my foot. What is 'me,' anyway?" The small boy thought earnestly for a moment. "Why, 'me,' is your head and stomach," he finally answered. "No," said the small girl, "I think 'me' is your head and heart." Which proves positively that even in early years the ego of the man is his stomach and that of the woman her heart.

### His Letter to the Judge.

"Will you please, sub, lemme know," wrote a colored prisoner to the judge "des w'en my case'll come up fer conviction? I been in jail, sub, 'bout eight months ez de crow fly, en I hea a sorter restless feelin' er wantin' ter know des w'en my conviction'll come off. I writes dis, sub, kaze I feels it in my jints dat de spring season is comin' on, en hif come er me dat you might go fashin' en ferget de time fer my conviction. Do, ef you please, sub, keep me in min', en do by me ez you 'specta ter be did by."—Atlanta Constitution.

Polite Chinamen consider it a breach of etiquette to wear spectacles in company.

## ON THE VELDT

A South African Love Story

In the kitchen of a Boer farm at Harriemthout two brothers, Paul and Hendrick Hoopstad, sat in earnest conversation.

"Will you come, Hendrick?" "I cannot leave, Paul; there is English in our veins, and besides, to join the commando against the British would be taking up arms against the woman I love."

"The woman we love, Hendrick, for God knows that I think of her every minute of my life. You and I have been all in all to each other ever since we were born; but this mutual love for Nancy Martin seems likely to divide us. Even supposing we put our chances to the test, if I win her you will hate me, and if you were successful my thoughts would turn to you in anger. Let us then take our rifles, join the commando, and for the time forget her, and perhaps when the war is over one of us may gain by death what the other could not give in life."

"I will not fight against the English, Paul."

"Think well, Hendrick. Nancy Martin has been in England for the last four years—is it not possible that she may have an English lover?"

"We are being enticed and threatened into a foolhardy war by those who have their own ends to serve. I will take my rifle and fight, but it will be with the English."

"Then, Hendrick, we must part, though we part in all affection. God bless you, my brother, and the woman we love."

"Farewell, Paul, and God grant that we may not meet on the battlefield."

Paul turned his horse toward Newcastle, while Hendrick rode in the opposite direction, with the intention of making his way to John Martin's farm, which lay on the banks of the Caladon river, between Basuto and Natal.

Hendrick Hoopstad's love for Nancy, the only daughter of John Martin, of the Caladon farm, was the one thought that engrossed his mind. He loved her, and was willing to lay down his life for her without thought of re-

ward. It might be as John had suggested, that Nancy had an English lover; well, time would show, and whatever happened he would always strive to be worthy of her, and be willing to serve her in any way in his power.

In about three hours he had sighted John Martin's farm. Down the hill Hendrick let the reins drop on his horse's neck and proceeded at a walking pace. It was a calm, still evening, and the horse's hoofs made no sound on the soft sand.

Reaching the orchard the sound of voices fell upon his ear, and almost mechanically he stopped his horse and listened. It was the voice of Nancy he heard. And standing in his stirrups he looked over the brush growth. Yes, Paul was right; she was standing beneath the shade of a spreading tree, a tall man, dressed in the British khaki uniform, held her in his arms, her head upon his shoulder and her lips upturned to his.

"The time was so long, Dick, I thought you would never come."

"Oh, you, darling? Well, I have come at last, though I could wish a more peaceful time for visiting my beautiful sweetheart. But when this war is over I will make you my wife."

"My love for you, Dick, can never change. Since I left you it has lived on the memory of those sweet hours of delicious happiness when we used to sit together in the sunshine and plan the joyful future—when we two shall be always together."

The man on the horse heard the words that pierced his heart like the stab of a dagger. For some moments he sat like a statue, his face grim and set, and his eyes staring into blankness. The steed moved forward of its own accord and wandered on for upwards of an hour, while its rider sat wrestling with himself. Then, with a sigh and a sob that almost choked him, he gathered up the reins and once more turned towards John Martin's farm.

(To be continued.)

### New York's Divorce Mill.

How divorces can be obtained, "without publicity," has been shown in New York by the arrest of the entire outfit of a well-organized divorce mill. The manager is a lawyer, who undertakes to secure the divorce. He furnishes the lawyer for the opposing side and also the correspondent, or whichever sex is required. He puts in the bill, the other lawyer files the answer, the case goes to a referee and the false witnesses give conclusive testimony of the infidelity of the respondent. The referee reports accordingly and the divorce is granted, without the second party in interest knowing anything about it. The exposure of this divorce mill came about through somebody who identified the fair-correspondent as having occupied the same relation in three several cases. When arrested, she confessed, and the whole gang will probably go to jail. It is a pity that some of their clients might not be included in the haul.

### News from Peary.

The arrival of Dr. Kahn, who has been leading a party of scientific explorers in the Arctic regions, brings news of Lieutenant Peary's expedition later than any other, pointing to the belief that his summer's work has been only moderately successful. This is shown by the fact that he is probably wintering at Fort Conner, where he would scarcely be if he had at-